Bakersfield, California
September 6, 1979

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

The other material that I want you to have will have to wait until I can get it organized, however, I do want you to have this memo. that I am inclosing. It alone is dymamite and has the town of Bakersfield worried. They are responsible for this and I want it exposed all over.

As I sit here writing this I can see a big transport truck parked across from us. It's a Custom Eng. Inc., Peoria, Ill - Whittier, Ca. These are the kinds of threats that are used whenever I try to expose what I know. The clues: My sister who lives in Georgia has a grandson Jimmy Cannon who drives one of those big trucks. My sister also has a daughter who lives in Bartonville, Ill. That is the suburbs of Peoria. Whittier is the home town of Mr. Nixon. Just wanted to get that out of the way. When you receive my other mail you will understand this. This is another reason that we have to get the truth out. These acts go on continurally around here. Bakersfield is the home of the men.....

I'm inclosing accouple of letters that I have extra copies. There are more.

This isn't a good day for me. I'm without transportation. When my son and I were in Sacramento about 4 months ago, my car was rammed from behind. It's an old car so isn't worth the price of the damages. However, it was a good running car. John and Joe have little run about cars and I use them. In fact, I'm going to get John's fixed so that I can drive it.

Am inclosing on separate sheet just how we got my husband home.

And my other letter will be following this one, soon.

Sincerely,

Mrs. D. L. McNamara
1025 Valencia Drive
Bakersfield, California 93306

6 enclosures

Even though I asked the attorney and court not to proceed with that divorce prodeedings, they completely ignored me. The date was set forDec. 22, 1977. Just before the holidays! Intentionally? Of course. I did not go over there. It would have been impossible. I felt sure the suit would be dismissed. (On the morning ofDec. 21 the wind began to blow here. It gradually became worse until we had the worse storm we have ever had. I have never seen anything like it. There was no rain. It was all dust. Trees were uprooted all over, roofs were blown off some houses, and the dirt was unbelievable. This storm continued through the night and into the next day. I sometimes wonder about that storm. I told a friend of mine that Bakersfield had finally gotten some dirt that it had to clean up ....)

So the divorce was granted and it is the most fraudulent piece of legal action one can imagine. It's as fraudulent as that transaction in Texas with mine and my husband's names forged on it. And it has been the cause of many disasters. These I will describe in my next list of papers.

Last August I became elegible for Social Security benefits. I went to our local office on August 29, 1978 and made application. We sent the papers to my husband for his signature, which we never did receive. When he got the papers he began to drink again. We got a call from over there (Glendale) on September 9, 1978, from a woman asking about my husband. She said he had disappeared, etc. Well, I called the police and the office manager of his apartment and the information I got was that he was all right. We couldn't get any direct word from Dennis so John decided to go over there to see about his father. Again the SS called me and wanted me to come back down there. They wanted me to sign up as a divorced wife. I would not do so. They tried everything to coax me into signing the papers. The young man kept coming back and explaining to me the advantages I would have and that I would get more money if I signed as a divorced wife. It was only $45.00 more and I couldn't see signing those papers for that amount. I'm sure he had another thought in mind, which I will explain later on. The next day the man called me about another matter. And then in about an hour John called me from Arizona and said, "Mom, Dad's coming home." He wanted me over there so on Oct. 1 (a Sunday) I took a bus over there. John and his father met me at the bus depot. I had never seen my husband like that. I don't believe I would have known him. My heart cried out and inside I said 'Oh my God, what have they done to that dear man?'

On October 3 we loaded up the car and came home. Dennis could hardly walk so he slept in the back seat and I did all the driving home. It's about 500 miles and I was very tired when we got home. Incidentally, Oct. 3 was the date you wrote.me..

So you see what I meant about my getting more money. My husband could not have lived much longer if we had not gone to him when we did. And if I had signed those papers.... I told them at the SS office that signing those papers would be signing my husband's death warrant.

Later on I went back to the SS and they still refused me benefits on my husband's unless I would sign the divorce statement. I sent the whole bundle along with a copy of this Attorney's letter to the main office in Kansas City. Needless to say, I got the benefits.